

Come Here, You

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Summary: Shortly after his battle against Drago, Hiccup is shaken by nightmares and cannot sleep. Astrid and Toothless do everything they can to heal their beloved chief's troubled soul. Hiccstrid fluff, oneshot.

Come Here, You

Hiccup had nightmares sometimes. No big deal, right? Everyone did. As a child he often crept past his father's room late at night when he couldn't sleep only to hear the chief murmur troubled thoughts amidst his slumber. Vikings never showed their fear openly, but in the dead of night their worries and perils appeared to them in vivid dreams of angst and terror.

And yet still, Hiccup's nightmares tore him from sleep so rudely that he often felt helpless, shuddering beneath sweat-soaked blankets in the dark.

One night, it got too much.

The dream had been horrifying. Drago was there, as he often was, menacing and riddled with scars from their last battle. He longed for revenge, and took it this time in the form of not only Toothless but Astrid as well. The two loves of Hiccup's life. Drago had brutally murdered them both, right before Hiccup's eyes.

He awoke with tears streaming down his face. He took a deep breath in, and exhaled it in a strangled sob. He was crying. He was really crying.

Hiccup sat up. His head swam, and he squinted as he gazed uselessly around his darkened room. He rubbed his eyes, before lifting one of his hands and slamming his palm against his forehead.

"Vikings don't cry at dreams, for Odin's sake," he whispered

furiously to himself, before realising that his words echoed something Astrid might say. He sobbed again, his hand moving down his face to cover his eyes.

He had to see her, and Toothless. He had to find her and take her flying, now.

Hiccup stumbled out of bed, fumbling for a candle and lighting it with trembling fingers. He pulled on a boot and his flying suit, and quietly crept out of the house. On another occasion he might have woken his mother up and told her - since her arrival he had found that she was quite a remarkable listener - but tonight he needed to be with Astrid and Toothless, and nobody else.

The night was cold and dark and open, but Hiccup found it comforting rather than frightening. To know the trees and houses and hills of Berk were all in their rightful place settled his racing heart. He prayed with all his strength that his dragon and his girlfriend would be in their rightful places, too.

Toothless first.

Hiccup now had the hang of running on his prosthetic, thankfully, and it was nothing short of a sprinting gait he used to get to the dragon stables. Toothless luckily had the first stall (he got first pick when the stables were built) so it took Hiccup no time to unhitch the heavy wooden door and pull it open. Toothless was unharmed, the young Night Fury sleeping soundly. Hiccup sighed with relief.

"Bud?" Hiccup whispered. Toothless let out a soft snort, his ears moving towards the sound of his rider's voice.

Hiccup's eyes filled with tears once more. He wiped them away hurriedly before approaching Toothless as silently as he could, sitting down on the floor of the stall and wrapping his arms around the dragon.

Toothless seemed to notice the new-found warmth, and he awoke slowly. He rumbled, before turning his head to nuzzle Hiccup's side.

"Sorry to wake you, bud..." Hiccup murmured, eyes locking with his dragon's. "I... had a bad dream."

Toothless instinctively recognised Hiccup's sorrow, and he rumbled again before wrapping his wings around the young man. Hiccup smiled. Toothless could not speak, and yet he never failed to listen.

"Nothin' will happen to you, Toothless," Hiccup said, running his still-shivering hands over Toothless' cold scales. "Not on my watch."

Silence fell and was held for a few long moments. Both rider and dragon made no noise but the sound of each of them breathing in turn, an indirect communication of compassion and companionship. Hiccup felt himself drifting into sleep, his eyelids drooping.

Until he heard the stable doors open.

"Babe?"

_Astrid. _

Hiccup sat up, Toothless whining in surprise. He looked up and saw his girlfriend at the front of the stall, looking down at him in confusion. She clutched a bucket of fish in her arms.

"What are you doing, Hiccup?" she asked, impatient for a reply. Hiccup stood up, bleary-eyed, and wandered towards her. He said nothing.

"Hiccup?" Astrid's expression turned from confusion to worry.

Hiccup remained silent. When he reached Astrid, he placed a hand gently against her cheek, his face lighting up with a warm smile. Before she could say another word, he gathered her into his arms and kissed her.

The bucket clattered to the floor as Hiccup's lips met Astrid's, causing a few sleepy dragons to grumble frustratedly. For once, Hiccup didn't care, Astrid's kiss providing him with a warm and tender respite from the threatening thoughts of loss and grief which had filled his mind.

Astrid remained still at first but soon reciprocated, wrapping her arms around Hiccup's neck and parting her lips with a sigh. She backed against the wall of Toothless' stall, and Hiccup took no time in pushing against her desperately, his tongue sliding into her mouth and meeting her own.

Astrid broke the kiss after a minute or so, but she kept hold of Hiccup. Her eyes fluttered open to meet his, her gaze steady.

"Babe..." she whispered, sensing that something was wrong. She didn't mind kisses, of course, but Hiccup never normally behaved like this. "I walk in here to give Stormfly a midnight snack and I find you asleep with Toothless, and before I can get an answer about what's going on you make out with me! What's the matter with you, Hiccup?"

Hiccup sighed. "Astrid, if I tell you what all this is about I'll look stupid. And weak."

Astrid pecked Hiccup on the lips softly. "You won't. Tell me."

"I had a nightmare," Hiccup confessed in a defeated tone. "You and Toothless were taken by Drago, and you were..." his voice cracked, unable to form the next words. He shivered.

Astrid's gaze softened, and she pulled Hiccup into a hug. She squeezed him, nuzzling gently at the back of his neck next to the newest braid she had put in his hair. Hiccup whimpered in memory of his dream, but Astrid tightened her embrace.

"He's not coming back, baby," Astrid whispered. "I promise. And by Odin's ghost, I promise if anyone came that close to me I'd give them every kind of damned hell before they hurt me, or you, or Toothless. I'm a big girl now."

Hiccup felt his face flush red. He chuckled, butterflies turning in his stomach. "You are."

"Wanna go fly?"

"Please."

Astrid pulled away and grinned. "I'll get the saddle. You make sure Stormfly gets her snack, and I'll meet you back here in about ten." She pecked his cheek. "Love you."

"Love you too, Astrid."

And boy, had Hiccup never meant those words more than he did then.

* * *

><p>Soon, Toothless had been coerced out of his stall (a few of Stormfly's fish sacrificed in the process), tacked, and Hiccup and Astrid had flown him high over Berk and out to sea.<p>

The first few glimmers of morning were appearing in the east, and Hiccup steered Toothless high into the clouds so Astrid could run her hands through the smallest wisps of orange-pink dawn, as she often liked to do.

"This reminds me of our first flight," Astrid said into Hiccup's ear, wrapping her arms around his waist and leaning her head on his shoulder. "When I first realised how amazing you are."

Hiccup almost snorted. "Amazing? I dunno, Astrid. I was the worst Viking Berk had ever seen. Plus I was a gawky fifteen year old boy."

Hiccup landed Toothless somewhere familiar; the small, rocky island he had crudely named Itchy Armpit. The two young riders dismounted their dragon and sat down in the grass, watching the sun crest the horizon. Hiccup wrapped his arm around Astrid's shoulders and she leaned into him naturally.

"Correction: you were the first Dragon Rider Berk had ever seen. Or not seen, as the case was," Astrid grinned, continuing. "And you weren't gawky at all."

Hiccup turned to face her and shot her a look.

"Okay, maybe a little. But it was cute," Astrid said defensively. "It was one of the reasons I had a crush on you."

Hiccup's mouth gaped open. "You had a crush on me?"

"Babe, I kissed you like three times before we started formally being... us," Astrid said, laughing softly and kissing Hiccup's shoulder. "Wasn't it obvious?"

"Well, yeah, but that was after all of... this," Hiccup gestured over at Toothless vaguely. "You had a crush on me before that happened?"

Astrid smiled. "Yeah, I did. At first I told myself it was stupid,

you know, I mean you were small and weak and totally hopeless at all of that Viking stuff-"

"Gee, _thanks_," Hiccup interjected sarcastically, rolling his eyes.

Astrid laughed again. "Let me finish! You were all those things, but there was also something else about you. You weren't brutish and fierce like all the other guys, you were... gentle, and kind, and shy. And you smelled better than all of them put together."

It was Hiccup's turn to laugh. "Now _that's_ a compliment. Do I still smell better?"

"Only when you're not covered in Night Fury slobber," Astrid smirked, glancing at Toothless and blowing a raspberry in his direction.

Hiccup could swear he heard Toothless' throaty laughter.

"Thank you, Astrid," he smiled, squeezing her shoulder. "For coming with me, and... understanding."

"No problem," Astrid said, her hands moving up to his hair to make yet another braid. "I was on my way to see you, anyway."

Hiccup felt himself blush deeply. "Like a... night visit?"

Astrid's gaze met his, and her blue eyes shimmered. "Yep."

Hiccup bit his lower lip. He enjoyed Astrid's night visits. A lot.

Astrid giggled, turning to face Hiccup. She bumped noses with him, her lips lingering teasingly close to his.

"I love you, milady," was all Hiccup could breathlessly murmur. He wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her in closer.

Astrid brushed her lips torturously against Hiccup's, smiling as her gentle action elicited a moan from the young chief. "I love you more, babe."

Hiccup would usually say something else at this point, but Astrid's hands were beginning to wander. They slid gently down Hiccup's flight jacket, and just as he was sure she would undo the buttons...

Pop.

"Funny. _Real_ funny, Astrid."

Astrid cackled with laughter. She had once again executed her favourite party-trick; popping the button on Hiccup's flight jacket which released the flight aids on the back.

Hiccup rolled his eyes. He should have seen this coming, he really should.

He didn't stay frustrated for long, however. Astrid's laughter was

like birdsong, and the early sun on her face made her features shimmer with gold. She was so beautiful, and he was so in love with her.

"Come here, you," he murmured, pulling her into a passionate kiss, and the young lovers fell into the grass just as dawn broke over the lands.

End
file.